THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

A PANTOMIMIC TALE.

(Continued.)

I AM tired of this tete-a-tete. Is nothing to be discovered in the other apartments? Stay! did I tell you, my dear uncle, that there is an old lumber-room, which joins Edward's forsaken bed-chamber? As nobody ever enters this place, except to store away empty boxes, or useless furniture, Willy is here secure from interruption, and has accordingly selected it for his painting-room. Here he passes hour after hour, in scratching and daubing, and here he is established at this very moment. The two coloured prints are stretched against the wall, and he often suspends his work, to gaze in admiration upon the gorgeous assemblage of reds, and blues, and greens, and yellows; an assemblage, however, which he is unable to rival in his present performance; for he has emptied all his shells of paint, and has no better resource than his ink-stand.

The work is complete. He seems to be mightily pleased with it. He opens the window, and holds the piece of paper out of it, waving it backwards and forwards, in order that the ink (which he has not spared) may dry in the open air the sooner. If he would but turn himself ever so little to the right, I should be able to favour him with my opinion of his performance. That will do, my little friend! Upon my word, very clever! I never saw a more striking resemblance! 'Tis the aunt's profile, and as ugly as life! There is no mistaking it; not a wrinkle about the corners of her little fiery eyes is omitted; the twist of her nose is hit off to a nicety, and the falling in of her toothless mouth, (though perhaps rather overdone) is excellently preserved: nay, he has not forgotten even the great wart, with which her chin is decorated. To be sure, it is not a flattering one, but the portrait is the very counterpart of nature in all her undisguised deformity. But what can have induced the young rogue to employ his pencil, or rather his pen, on such an unpromising subject? This is the first caricature, that I ever saw him attempt; and if it should fall into the hands of the original, I am afraid that the painter's reward would by

no means be of the most satisfactory nature.

He still stands before the window, and seems to be holding forth to himself. He uses a great deal of stiff action, as if he was repeating a speech out of a play. He stops, and appears embarrassed. Now he takes a book from the table, looks into it, sets it upright and open against the window, and proceeds again in his recitation with renewed spirit. I think I can make out a G and an F. . . . Stay! oh! I see—"Gay's Fables."—Every now and then he stops, and looks anxiously up the street;—'tis by that way that his aunt always comes, and this is about the time that she usually pays her evening visit.

I have it! I have it!—He has some favour to ask of his aunt, and hopes to bribe her to grant it by repeating a newly-acquired fable of Gay, and by shewing her, that he has past the time of her absence in retracing her beloved resemblance. Oh! poor Willy! I fear that if such is your intention, your portrait will be thought much too like to be pleasing. It seems, by his looking so often into the street, he is not aware, that Sempronia has been in the house above this half-hour.

He begins to suspect, for he puts his drawing into his pocket, gives a parting-look to his tawdry prints, takes up the box containing the empty colour-shells, and away he goes. The empty colour-shells? There then we have the key of the whole mystery! He is ambitious of making a picture all red and yellow, like his favourite prints; but his colour-shells must first be replenished, and this then is the favour, to obtain which, he has given himself so much trouble.

Cordelia has just returned to the drawing-room. She is already gone again. She only looked at a card which was stuck over the mantle-piece, took a key from a bunch which was in the drawer of her writing table, and immediately left the room with it.

Willy has entered the drawing-room. He has heard his aunt's voice in the adjoining closet, for he advances towards it. Probably the tone is not encouraging, for he hesitates, and opens the door softly and by degrees, in order to reconnoitre the field of action, before he commences the attack. Sempronius looks as black as a live lobster, and his sister as red as a boiled one.—Willy seems not to admire the appearance of either, and draws his little curly head back again: but his aunt is already aware of the young spy's vicinity, and before he can effect a retreat, she has taken him into custody.—Now then, placing him between her knees, and compelling him to look her full in the face, (how can she be so barbarous?) she insists upon his making an exact confes-

sion. Perhaps, she suspects, that his mother had sent him to overhear what she was saying to Sempronius.

The poor child weeps, and protests his innocence. Now she loses all patience, and drags him by the arm to the window, which she opens. What! Is she threatening to throw him out of it, unless he instantly confesses himself guilty? No, no; not so bad as that! She is only going to bring forward a proof of the truth of her charge, so convincing that there can be no denying it. She points to the story above; she holds a sheet of paper out of the window, and waves it, just as Willy did the portrait. She saw him then, and probably thought, that he was making signs to somebody in the street. Did she take the paper for a letter? Perhaps, too, for one written by his mother. Was there ever such a lynx in petticoats! I am half afraid, that her keen eyes will discover me with my telescope at the Garret-window, and then I shall be suspected to be the lover in this romance! Fortunately, this business can be easily explained. Don't be so frightened, my little friend! you need only put your hand in your left pocket, and your deceiver will be confounded.

And that is exactly what he does: with trembling hand he draws forth the last production of his genius. She opens it eagerly! Nay; there is certainly no mistaking the subject, and now, Willy, now! there's a glorious subject for your pencil! Le Brun's passions exhibit nothing to be compared with it! Unluckily, she does not allow him time to study her. To tear the paper into a thousand pieces, to apply so hearty a slap on his cheek, as left five white marks behind it, seize him by the arm, and turn him out of the room, slapping the door in his face, was the work of but a single moment. The unfortunate little artist retires sobbing, to mourn over the annihilation of all his air-built castles.

The closet-conferrence too is at an end. Our beloved aunt has done all the mischief in her power, sees no prospect of doing more at present, and therefore takes her departure, quite satisfied with herself.

I assure you, my dear uncle, I do not like the look of this business at all. Cordelia went out, just as the postman was going through the street: she sent the old footman back for something, and seized the moment of his absence to give a letter into the postman's care; there was a hurry in her manner of giving it, and she coloured so suddenly and so deeply, that I am certain, there was some mystery in the business. In all probability, this letter was an answer to that which she received from the milliner. I begin to grow very uneasy; it is at least certain, that Cordelia carries on a

correspondence unknown to her husband, with some person in London, for it was not the general post, by which the letter was forwarded.

Sempronius is still alone in his own room. He seems in a brown study: sometimes he walks up and down the chamber, rubbing his forehead with his hand thoughtfully: sometimes, he beats the devil's tattoo, sitting in his elbow chair: at this moment he is playing upon the table with his fingers, but evidently without attending to what he is about.

Hark! a knock at his door! What! Sempronia returned so soon? It is very unusual for her to make two visits in one evening. What an air of triumph she wears! She must have done some notable mischief, she looks so happy. She puts me in mind at this moment of her prototype Milton's Serpent:

> —"Hope elevates, and joy
> Brightens her crest."—

The door opens; she goes in, but her companion remains in the street. Surely, I have seen that fellow's face before; as I hope to live, the very postman, to whom Cordelia confided her letter! He is trying a piece of money with his teeth! A bribe, no doubt, and if the fellow received it from Sempronia, alas! for poor Cordelia's secret.

The aunt throws open the study door, and with a look of exultation, slaps down a letter upon the table, before her brother. He seizes it: he recognizes the hand writing. I think I can see his hands tremble, while he bursts the letter open.

Ha! something has fallen to the ground, which Sempronia possesses herself of without loss of time.—She holds it up triumphantly to her brother. A key? Can it be that, which I saw Cordelia even now take off the ring? The same idea struck the amiable pair, for they are already in the drawing-room. The bunch of keys is in the hands of Sempronius. The look of anguish, with which he lets the bunch fall again, tell me too plainly, that it is that very key.

Sempronia urges him to read the letter. To judge by his countenance, matters are now worse than ever. The note could have contained but few words, for it was read in an instant, and if his sister had not stopped him in time, in another instant he would have torn it in a thousand pieces.

I suppose the postman is impatient, for he has just sent the maid servant up with a message. She is gone down again with a small wax light in her hand, which usually stands upon the chimney-piece. Sempronia picks up the bunch of keys, and replaces them in the drawer.—She takes the letter from her brother, and examines it. She points to the superscription with an inquiring look. He

shakes his head. No; he knows nothing of the person, to whom the letter is addressed. Cordelia in secret correspondence with a person, of whom her husband knows nothing? That looks very ill! And yet that person may be a woman. Come, my dear uncle, let us believe the best: when there are two sides of the question, I always prefer the most favourable; and to think an accused person in the right, till he is actually *proved* to be in the wrong, if not the most prudent plan as the world is constituted, at least, is certainly the most amiable.

The maid returns with the wax taper lighted. The letter is sealed again with one of Cordelia's own seals, which lay on the writing table. Now then away stalks Sempronia. She restores the letter to the perfidious postman, who bows, and leaves her; and now a corner of the street deprives my eyes of the pleasure of gazing upon this paragon of female chastity.

(To be continued.)

From the Boston Mirror.

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NEWS FROM THE DEAD.

On Matrimony.

From my own residence in the Mercurial Planet, Sept. 10, 1715.

SIR,

THE advice I have to give you on this occasion is, first, that you would not take *fancy*, but *reason* for your guide in the choice of a wife. Fancy will lead you to the choice of one who may please you for the present, with some dazzling perfection in the exterior; but, believe me, this alone will never make you happy in one that is to be your close companion for life. Exterior beauty is of itself very short lived, and the pleasure wherewith it has engaged your fancy, will be shorter than that. A handsome face will never long please, when other disagreeable qualities give you troubles that disquiet you more than they can delight you. The good qualities of the mind, the longer you converse with them, the more they'll engage you. I would not have you go directly against your fancy neither, in this your choice. If you can meet with a virtuous woman, that is moderately discreet, and truly humble, and against whom your fancy finds no dislike in other respects, marry her, and you will be a happy man. Her discretion will help her to manage well that part of the common concern that falls to her share, if she be truly humble, she will be tractable and obedient, and free from that obstinate and stomachful pride, which is commonly miscalled by the name of an high spirit. If she be truly humble, she will not run mad after shew and state, nor teaze you to waste your estate in equipage and fine trappings, and in loading your rooms with costly trifles. If she be truly humble, she will engage your affections

with the irresistible charms of an unaffected carriage; nothing being more distasteful, than the vanity of affectation, to those who see through it. Though I must needs own to you, that I think it will be extremely hard for you to meet with this negative virtue in a woman. Affectation is an epidemic distemper, that has, I fear, infected the whole sex from the highest to the lowest. I have seen a chamber-maid half an hour before a glass, practising airs in turning her mop, and a milk-maid correcting her cow in an affected tone. I have also seen a dingy drab over the wash tub, studying out some new hypocritical conceit, to be whispered in the ear of her lover, with an air of artifice, at their next meeting. Mankind, however, are indebted to this folly in the fair sex, in their inordinate desire of pleasing, and making conquests. It has reclaimed thousands of passionate lovers, and prevented as many from becoming desperate.

Fabius was pleased with *Celia* the first time he saw her, and was beginning to feel in his breast the effects of her beauty, had not a convincing proof of her affected carriage come into his delivery. One day having gathered up a paper of her's, that fell to the ground unknown to her, the perusal whereof, gave him to understand, that *Celia* had composed for her own use, a little treatise, wherein she had marked down all her studied airs in odd characters, intelligible only to herself. This she daily practised before her glass, and as *Fabius* experienced afterwards, she was very perfect in her exercise. A small part of this ingenious piece is as follows, which I recommend to ladies for their *vade mecum*.

Airs in entering a room—O—ᔕ——
Airs with my fan, ᔕ Λ—ᑐ ᑐ——
Airs in tapping my snuff-box, ΛΛ—ᑐ
Looks when surpris'd, ΛΛΛΛ——
Devout *looks* at church, ᑫ ᑫ ᑫ ᑫ...
Looks after a jest,—ᑐ—ᔕ ᑐ ᑐ—
Scornful *looks*, X—Λ—Z. G
Looks when saluting——C C C. O. ᔕ.
Tones when asking a favour, ᑫ—ᑐ.O.
Chiding *tones*, ——ᑐ——X. ΛV——
Glances ——ᑐ ᑐ——ᑐ ᑐ——
Ogles ——ᑐ—ᑐ—ᑐ——
Ogles, for Mr. F. ᑐ †—>—ᑫ...

Fabius, soon after he had perused this paper, made her a visit, and purposely gave her opportunity to display all her studied airs. *Celia* was infinitely pleased with herself and him, and thought him the best company in the world. She might have been admired in turn, had not this discovery of her affectation wrought a perfect cure in him.

MERCURY.

ON BACKBITING.

——If my sentiments be odd,
Remember truth is sterling gold.
COTTON.

IT may be possibly thought, that this subject has, already, been exhausted; or that that the author

having received abuse himself, takes this opportunity of feelingly declaring against an odious vice. If any supposition of this kind should exist, he now openly acknowledges, that although he has sometimes been singled out by the sons of slander, as a mark for their weapons; yet either because of his own proof, or their unskillfulness in attacks, he never was wounded; for all their arrows have fallen beneath him. Nor will he say that he is completely free from the vice himself: but this is a strong proof, that he is adequate to judge of its pernicious influence. He would ask those gentlemen, and ladies, who have contracted a fond habit of backbiting, what extraordinary pleasure can be enjoyed in conversing on the foibles of our neighbours, over which sensibility would draw a veil? In treating a subject, as it is generally treated at grog shops, taverns, or tea-tables, in a promiscuous and desultory manner; affording no measure of instruction, and which, to an unvitiated temper, would be contrary to all the feelings of humanity.—"Charity," we are told by St. Paul, "believeth all things." What horrid pictures, which must be taken for true representations, are viewed by every man of charity, who is so unlucky as to be caught in the company of back-biters? How keenly must his heart be wounded, to behold the caricatures, drawn by these wretches, in which man is distorted out of his natural shape, and every feature blackened with the darkest paint! Can this be an improving way of filling our vacant hours? Nature and society are inexhaustible; life contains innumerable subjects worthy the attention of man; and such has been the care of our beneficent author, that he has infinitely variegated our paths, and our subjects of pleasure and knowledge. He has scattered his treasures with a liberal hand, and for one deformity, he has given us a thousand beauties; or rather all are beauties, as they come from him, but the depravity of man has tarnished their brightness. Strange that in such vast variety, one cannot find a subject, which would serve the double purpose of amusement and instruction. When we are fatigued with study, or business, and wish for conversation, to resuscitate our spirits, how many subjects naturally present themselves, which would tend at least to fill us with innocent pleasure; if not to add to our stock of knowledge. We may consider it a maxim, that backbiting betrays vacuity of thought, and an inability to afford instruction. For I cannot believe, that an ingenious and knowing person, although he be morose in his temper, or of an envious disposition, can possibly endure to trifle away his time for hours together; employing his talents in the most contemptible, and the meanest of all employments. It is mean, not only in regard to the profit which it affords, but as it is unjust to attack or ac-

cuse a person in his absence without giving him an opportunity of defending himself. An honest man even on this score, would be extremely cautious of indulging the habit.

NARBAL AND SELINA.

A TALE.

IN the torrid regions of the east, where the sultry beams of the sun, which parch the surface of the earth, exalt to a kind of fury the human passions, when unrestrained by reason and reflexion, lived Narbal, the Arab; the chief of a wandering tribe, who subsisted by rapine and devastation. His form was athletic, his eye fierce, his anger terrible; yet was he not destitute of a kind of barbarous generosity, which sometimes held the place of virtue; as all his passions, whether good or ill, were in the extreme.

In one of his predatory excursions, at the head of his rapacious followers, he attacked a small caravan of merchants going to Damascus. The Arabs plundered it of every thing valuable, and murdered most of the merchants, only a few being able to make their escape. Among those who fell was a Greek, who was taking his daughter Selina, a beautiful girl of about ten years of age, with him to Damascus, where he intended to fix his residence in future. Amid the scene of horror, Narbal seized Selina as his prize; he was struck with her beauty, and he pitied her with extreme affliction. His heart seemed as it were for the first time softened into humanity, and he employed every attention to alleviate the sorrows, and soothe the melancholy of the lovely Selina.

As years passed on, Selina increased in stature and beauty, and acquired not only the good-will and friendship of Narbal, but inspired him with a most ardent affection. Convinced of his sincerity, and yielding and gentle in her nature, she returned his affection; she even at length embraced his religion, and became his wife. She bore him a son, whom he named Ali; and for several years they lived in a state of as much happiness and content, as was compatible with the rude and predatory state of life in which they existed.

Yet the wild fits of passion, to which Narbal was frequently subject, often alarmed and terrified the gentle Selina; but as he violently loved her, there was no very real cause for her fears. At length, however, the demon jealousy entered his head, and he thought that he could perceive a growing partiality in the breast of Selina, for a handsome youth, the son of a chief of a neighbouring tribe; and it was indeed true that the youth had seen and admired Selina, and that he would gladly have engaged in an amour with her; but it was

not true that he was at all encouraged by Selina, who had, indeed, scarcely noticed that he was in the least attentive to her. But the suspicions of Narbal, once excited, could not be soon appeased. He was perpetually on the watch, and perpetually fancied that he discovered something to increase his own torment. His own life was become wretched, and he rendered Selina's the same, by his unjust suspicions, and the violence of his infuriated passions.

It chanced one evening, that Selina, and her son, Ali, left their tent, to enjoy the cool of the evening, after the heat of a sultry day. Invited by the shade of a wood, which they saw at a distance, they entered it, and soon so lost their way, that they did not find it so easy to get out as to enter it, and were overtaken by the night. Narbal returning at the same time, and finding Selina had walked out, was immediately haunted with his usual jealous suspicions. He went out immediately in quest of her, expecting now to make great discoveries. A fatal chance directed his steps in the way she had taken; and he saw her and Ali near the skirts of the wood. Alive to all the fears with which she had lately been impressed by his presence, she uttered a light scream at the sight of him. As he knew the voice well, he was certain it was her; but the darkness of the evening prevented him from immediately recognizing his son. His passion and jealousy would not suffer him to doubt that this was her paramour. He instantly advanced, and, furious with rage, plunged his sabre in his breast, and laid him dead at his feet. Selina at the same moment, overpowered with horror, sunk lifeless on his arm. He raised the reeking blade to deprive her also of life, but a momentary return of affection held his hand. When the violent storm of passion had subsided, and he was able to look on what he had done, he saw his son dead at his feet, and his wife, his beloved Selina, breathless in his arms. Nor bould any attention or art restore her to life; the horror of the scene had taken too powerful an effect on her delicate and feeble frame: she revived but for a moment, uttered two or three convulsive sighs, and then expired.

Narbal stood for a time, changed, as it were, to congealed stone. Dreadful were his feelings. At length, reason forsook the man who had not known to exert it in curbing the violence of his passions. He became furiously insane, and in this miserable state, survived several years, a wretched example how, by not restraining brutal passions, human nature may be reduced to the verge of absolute brutality.

True love, like the eye, can bear no flaw.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ANECDOTE OF LORD KELLY.

Lord Kelly was like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Belfour, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitations of the company. At length Lord Kelly told him he should not escape; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Belfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story, than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in a pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell, of course, rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address your lordship*, "Had it not been," said he, "for your *long tongue, and empty head*, I had made my escape."

A short time since, a curious *hoax* was played upon an excise officer. A countryman was stopped by a revenue officer at Bursledon, where he took from him two casks of spirits, which he suspected had been smuggled. After the officer had carried the liquor from Bursledon to Litchfield, a distance of three miles, the man suddenly stopped at a house, saying—"It is to be left here." The officer replied—"No; as I have seized it, it must go to the excise-office," and immediately proceeded with the casks.' "Not so fast, master," replied the countryman, "I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you will take the time and trouble of reading, you will find it is to be left in this house." The officer having read the paper, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a permit; why did you not shew it to me before?' "Because," answered the man, "if I had, you would not have been so kind as to have carried the liquor so far for me."

Lon. pap.

A facetious farmer of Yorkshire who had a mind to be witty at the expence of *decorum*, lately received a *rebuff*, which was taken with as much good humor as it was given: A lady had been walking with him over her farm, and shewing him her sheep and other stock: on their return, just as they were entering the house, the lady exclaimed, "dear me, you have not seen my *calf*, Sir,—" No madam (said the farmer) I never saw higher than your *ancle*." The lady of course felt herself rather confused at this unexpected sally, but soon recollecting herself, observed, "that she should never see a *calf* again without thinking of *him*!"

ib.

ANECDOTE.

A country schoolmaster asked a sailor what was the third and half third of ten pence. The fellow who was illiterate and consequently unacquainted with Arithmetic, very ingeniously evaded the answer by intimating that his messmates were by, and he did not care to give that for nothing, which he had paid for at so dear a rate, by application and expence; adding, that he could set the schoolmaster a much harder sum? This not a little piqued the pedant, who felt his well *learned* consequence hurt to be told so by an unlettered tar. What is it? cried the former. Why, replied the sailor, "If a pound of cheese cost four pence, what will a cart load of turnips amount to.'

Dr. Beresbury who lived in the reign of Charles II. while walking in the streets of Windsor, observed a person pass him with attention. Offended at length, by an observation so pointed, he roughly reproved the stranger for his impertinence—who, bowing and civilly asking his pardon, informed the Doctor that he was a painter, and was then designing a picture of Nathan reproving David; and never had he seen a face so reproving as that of his present antagonist. The Doctor, enraged, used still harsher language. "It is enough, sir," replied the artist, "I have got as much as I desire, and am greatly indebted to you." Saying which he coolly walked away.

A few days ago, one of those untutored sons of Erin, who sell nuts, &c happening to go into a shop in which a *very tall* gentleman was, who, after chaffering some time with the nutman for his wares, stepped towards the door, saying, "I am long enough here." Och! God bless you, my honey," says Paddy, "you're *too long* any where."

Henry the IVth being told by his gardener, that there were several spots at Fontainbleau where nothing would grow, requested him to plant a bed of *attornies*, for they would flourish any where.

FRIENDSHIP.

A Fragment.

.....Such is the man of experience and principle, whose friendship is a treasure more valuable than both Indies. There is something about him wonderfully soothing and consolatory; a certain charm in all he does and says, that strangely softens and ravishes every sympathetic mind. In his presence the labouring breast is relieved, and the swelling heart gets vent; the saddest soul becomes cheerful, and sorrow dies away. In short, he enters into the spirit of whatever affects us, with a sensibility and eagerness peculiar to himself; his partial imagination broods continually over our interest; our image, dearer to him than life, is constantly uppermost in his thoughts; and his heart, like a string never out of tune, like an instrument ever true to the touch of a master, is invariably in unison with ours.

O friendship, thou best blessing that the best of beings bestows on the best of mortals! thou fairest and fullest image of heaven and immortality! Without thee the world is dark, and life a dream; thy voice is the language, the harmony, the mutual gratulations of congenial and sentimental spirits; thy presence the light, the comfort, the glory of humanity. Peace and prosperity dwell with thee; health and happiness are in thy habitation; hope and joy, with a thousand smiling and nameless endearments, sparkle by thy side; and divinity beams benignant wherever thou art.

Enigmatical list of streets, from Chatham street.

1. A man's christian name—and a Castle.
2. A rich grain.
3. An esteemed gem,
4. A periodical pamphlet.
5. A fragrant flower, adding a letter— and to conceal changing a letter.
6. A delicious fruit.
7. Three fourths of a stubborn beast—and a small fruit.
8. A conserve of fruits—and one third of a convoy.
9. A device, dropping a letter.
10. To bend and two thirds of a coarse bread.
11. Half of a wench—and human being.

PSALMANAZAR.

A solution is requested.

Suwarrow was sincerely religious; took every opportunity of attending the offices of public devotion; and has been known on Sundays or Festivals, to deliver lectures on Piety, to them whom duty called to attend on him. It happened that one evening he overheard a captain abridge the prayer which his duty required him to repeat at the guard—The field-mar-

shall called out to him—"Thou unconsionable, abominable, impious, man, thou wouldest cheat Heaven! Thou wouldest, no doubt, cheat likewise the Empress, and me! I shall dismiss thee."

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. William Mercer of Newark, to Miss Eliza Vardin, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Robert Ogilby, of the house of Clark and Ogilby, to Miss Ann Cox, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Bishop Moore. Mr. Isaac Underhill, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Rhinelander, only daughter of Philip Rhinelander, Esq. all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Stephen Lee, to Miss Rebecca Bunker, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Thomas Mounsey, merchant, of Albany, to Mrs. Sarah Pearce, daughter of Mr. Thomas Jenner, of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 4th instant, Mr. James P. Moore, to Miss Jane Machesney, both of this city.

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DIED,

On Thursday, the 9th inst. after a painful and distressing illness, which she bore with exemplary piety, and resignation to the divine will, Mrs. Abigail Wells, consort of Mr. Nathaniel Wells.

At Canaan, on the 6th instant, after a few days illness, Mrs. Lydia Whiting, consort of John Whiting, Esq. of that place, and daughter of Christopher Leffingwell, Esq. of Norwich, Conn.

On Sunday last, at Greenwich, Mr. John Staples.

On Monday evening, of a lingering illness, Miss Ann Kavenagh

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Bartholemew M'Grath.

On the 17th ult. at Goshen, on the River Muskingum, state of Ohio, the rev. David Zeisberger, Senior Missionary of the United Brethren among the Indians, aged eighty seven years, and nearly seven months.

He was a native of Moravia, in Germany, from whence he emigrated with his parents at an early age, to Herrnhuth, in upper Lusatia, for the sake of obtaining religious liberty. In 1738 he came to this country, landed in Georgia, where at that time some of the United Brethren had began a settlement, merely for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Creek nation. From thence he removed to Pennsylvania, and assisted at the commencement of the settlements of Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Ever since the year 1746, a period of 63 years, he has with few and short intervals, been a missionary among the Indians, making himself master of sundry of their languages.

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Our city inspector reports the death of 23 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

"HOW bright that star," said fair ELIZA—yes—
" How bright that star"—Venus emits her rays
With double lustre, since thou, ELIZA,
Lent it refulgence from thy sparkling eyes.
The num'rous twinkling stars, contiguous,
" Which gild the court of Heav'n with sacred light,"
Help but to shew, but not eclipse, its brightness.

So shines Medicis;—The Graces wanton
'Round their queen unrivall'd; nor wishing, but
To add, by contrast, to her radiance.

So shines ELIZA, and, "how bright that star,"
Whose brilliancy attracts admiring eyes,
Too dazzling for the heart—So when we view
Bright Sol array'd in glory, who ceases
T' admire?—Can cold philosophy obtrude,
Striving to learn its nature—altitude?
And by what means it sheds its genial warmth?
It is enough, its far beyond our reach.

And how, ELIZA, you possess'd the pow'r
To win my heart, to rob me of my peace,
Make me a hermit, and renounce the world,
I dare not ask,—yet say, "How bright that star!"
Oh! may it never set, and could I add
To its refulgence, now so bright, I'd die
A martyr to thy charms;—or add an hour
To thy existence, I'd direct the Fates
By my own end, with happiness would die,
Blessing my stars, and call it luxury.

CHEVIOT.

THE IRISH EXILE'S FAREWELL.

ERIN—farewell! o'er the wild ocean roaming,
How oft to past transports shall memory turn,
And when yon bright orb, in the western wave sinking,
With its parting beams gild the mountains of Moarne;
Then, alas! it will shine on my lov'd native valley,
Where first these sad eyes view'd the glory of day,
On my humble roof'd cot, tho' forlorn and deserted,
It will smile as 'twas wont in the evenings of May.

My Norah, perhaps on the threshold reclining,
Its splendor shall view in sick'ning despair:
And think on her Dermot, a heart-broken exile,
Far away doom'd to wander the victim of care.
Ah! never, my Norah, again shall your Dermot,
Midst the green vales of Erin so carelessly roam;

Far away is my country—my cottage—my true love;
Far away the wild mountains, which shelter my home.

And oh! when I rove through Columbia's vallies,
Midst wild pathless deserts, and forests so drear:
A sigh I shall waft o'er the dark heaving ocean,
For my Norah—my country, shall fall the fond tear;
And when, worn with grief, the pale victim of sorrow,
I sink on my couch, to my hard fate resign'd,
To thee, oh! my Norah, my last tho'ts will wander,
And thine the last sigh of an agoniz'd mind.

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

In perusing your paper a short time since, some beautifully written lines attracted my observation, and recalled to memory the following song, which, if you deem worthy, will much oblige a friend by inserting it.

CONTENT WITH A COT.

BY the side of a mountain, o'ershadow'd with trees,
With thick clusters of vine intermingl'd and wove,
I beheld my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of peace,
The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love.

Each morn, as I open the latch of my door,
My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing;
And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er,
On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of Spring.

When the herds quit their pastures, to lap the clear stream,
And the flocks in the vale be extended around,
I hide in the forest from noon's scorching rays,
And the torrents deep murmur re-echoing resou d.

I muse, but my thoughts are resign'd and serene,
I regret not the splendor of riches and pride,
The delights of retirement are dearer to me,
Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied.

I sing, but my song is the carol of joy,
My checks glows with health as the wild rose in bloom;
I dance, but forget not, tho' blithsome and gay,
That I measure the footsteps which lead to the tomb.

Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
With a conscience unspotted, I pass thro' life's scene;
On the wings of delight all the moments do fly,
And the end of my days are resign'd and serene.

RAMAT.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ADDRESS.

To Julia Francesca.

AM, why, dear Julia, since all bounteous Heav'n,
To you the Muse's genuine fire has given;

Will you not sound your great Creator's praise,
And sing of his immortal works, and ways ?
Will you not soar from this, to worlds above,
And taste and sing of the Redeemer's love:
You may be 'lur'd by this delusive world,
Tho' not in dissipation's chariot whirl'd
Wealth, fame, and beauty may you now attend,
But none will stand, a true immortal friend ;
Nought but the "pure and spotless robe of white,"
Can ever clear us in Jehovah's sight ;
Secure this *pearl*, you'll gain the noblest end,
Which is the wish of your sincerest friend,

EVELINA.

THE NEWSPAPER.

AN empire of good and of evil,
Of falsehood and truth in its turn ;
Conducted always by the Devil,*
Whose lashes makes sinful folks mourn.

A mirror of folly and fashion,
A mart of wit, bon-mot, and joke ;
The foe of Crim Con's guilty passion,
But friendly to fair Hymen's yoke.

The comfort and guide of the teacher,
In dealing at home, or abroad ;
The dread of the boasting invader,
The brand by which traitor's are aw'd !

Bright Liberty's rock of reliance,
When tempest her residence threat—
The fosterer of art, and of science,
Of every thing virtuous or great !

* *The Printer's Devil.*

ADDRESS TO TWILIGHT.

HAIL ! twilight, hail ! thy calmness mild,
Is welcome to affliction's child,
Congenial to the soul thy shades,
When sadness imperceptive fades ;
How oft thro' Summer's lengthen'd day
I've wish'd in thy mild tents to stray,
That faithful memory might review
The scenes that time can ne'er renew,
Until the mind, subdued by grief,
Would fancy its excess relief.
When day subsides, and Nature rests,
Thy stillness calms the anguish'd breast:
The feeling mind is sooth'd by thee,
And scarce regrets her destiny.

A whimsical character.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There's no living with thee, or without thee.

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